

Stern Bringing Up of the Old Regime and Its Results

"Robert, whence come those grapes?"
The child had a momentary weakness.
"They come from Angèle's wall, gran-
mère," he said.
"Art sure they are her grapes?"
"Surely, gran-mère," the boy faltered.

A black and white illustration of a woman standing and holding a baby. She is wearing a large, dark, wide-brimmed hat, a light-colored long-sleeved top, and a plaid skirt. She is also wearing dark tights and high-heeled shoes. The baby is wrapped in a light-colored cloth and is being held against her chest.

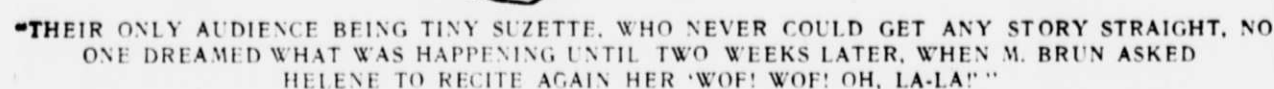
the make. In his way he loves Hélène and would be glad to hire donkeys for her when we go up Premol and the Four Seigneurs and carriage drives and entrances to the casino if the cost of it would not clip off a dollar here and there from his poor stakes at baccarat. So he would regularly consent to let Hélène go with any one prepared to pay for her.

She was agog when she got back. The fine things they saw on that drive! And the lonely boy was happier still to have found a companion and a protégée. They often went out in the landau, then three, and nobody noticed that Hélène was much in the big apartment of the lonely boy and his eccentric, pretty mamma. Their only audience being tiny Suzette, who never could get any story straight, no one dreamed of what was

papers. That De Cernay boy is many of the makings of an American. He is round faced, freckled, mussed up more than is usual for a French boy, grinning, willing, unafraid, and pack full of initiative. He doesn't refrain from trying new things.

The poor woman was a new thing, worn, weak, hungry; and the baby was a white and shrivelled curiosity, and those four children, the Duponts and the De Cernays, without fear of organized society before their eyes, fixed her a bed for the night in an out-house of the Hôtel du Globe.

They smoked her bread, chosen cold milk, and cold wine. The woman died it two days passed. The Norman fell sick. The four children, secretly, fell in and out, nursed her through four days of fever. Then, with the pers-



"Robert has stolen, Robert has lied!" pronounced the cracked old voice remorselessly. "Angelo's grapes are not yet ripe by fifteen days. They are grapes of Neighbor Fontana. Robert will go to Fontana and say: Monsieur Fontana, I have stolen your grapes and returned them to you."

The sun clouded. Thunder rolled afar. The boy fell on his knees.

"Gran'mère, gran'mère, they were here, the grapes, they hung well on her side of the wall and threw shade on her plants! It's a legal verity, the exact argument of a gold French droit commun."

In plain talk the child expounded. Rejoicing, Mère de Ciel of other days knew a higher equity, another honor.

"Robert will go to Fontana."

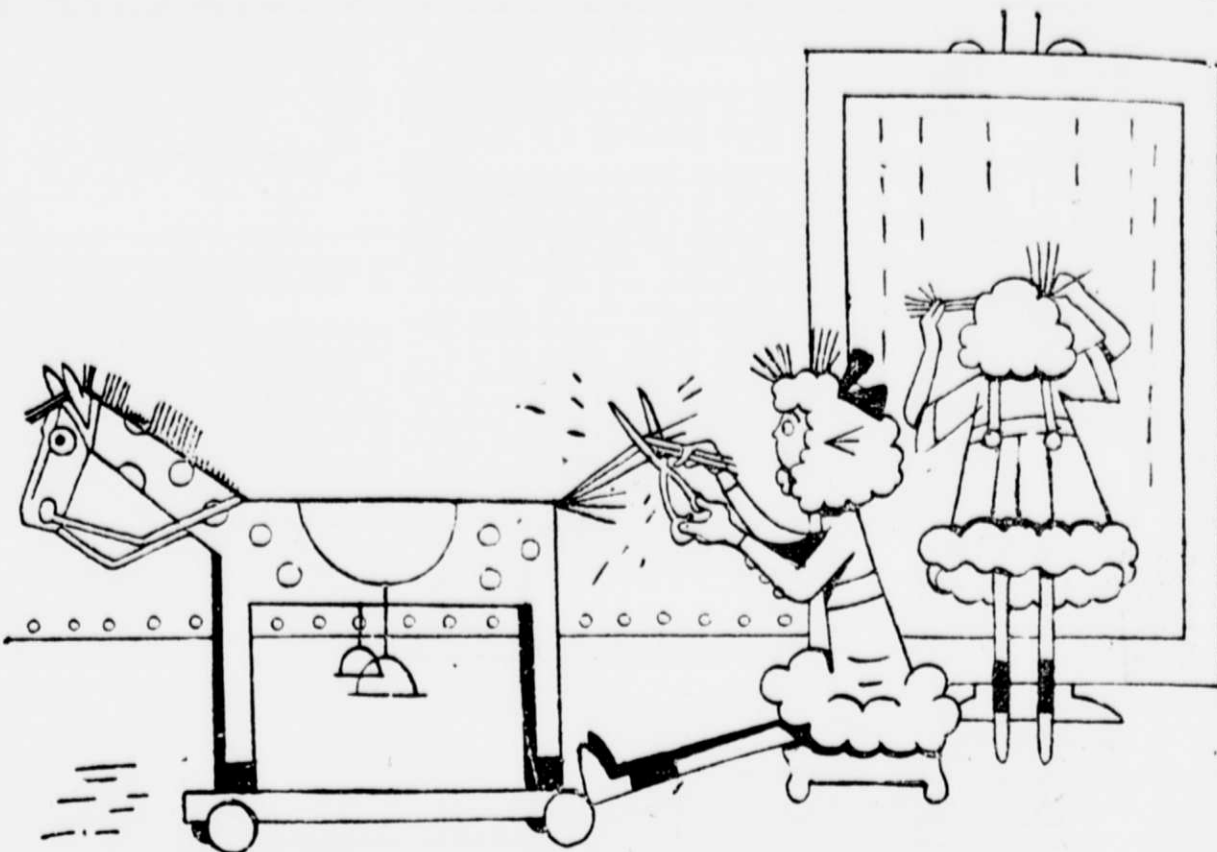
Tears rolled down the boy's cheeks, "Gran'mère, gran'mère!"

It was a scene that lasted as the thunder dermostorm came on us. Robert offered

"You don't understand," said Robert. Chivalry craves not pay but praise. There is nothing extraordinary in these



Even during the summer vacation everything seems to be for the grownups. Children must not make a noise or bother, must be discreet, self-effacing, dainty, clean and pretty. Was not Hélène lonely in spite of the love and admiration of us all at Uriage, sweet little orphan at the mercy of her stern grandparents? Even



"THEY 'DO DONDEL,' WHICH IS PLAYING AT HIGH PRICED HAIRDRESSER."

"THE BOYS TYRANNIZE OVER THE GIRL; BUT HAVE NO FEAR. THE LITTLE GIRL HAS HER COQUETRY AND SOFT WAYS. THE MALE 'FIGURES TO HIMSELF' THAT HE IS BOSS AND ISN'T."

anything not to be put to the humiliation of Fontana, rich Paris jeweller, is the two children's great friend and wise companion in delightful walks along the River Seine. With his dog Gift they were there afternoon to do a marvellous "ballade," or loafing stroll, to the old duelling ground of the Isle de la Jatte, where there is pink syrup and water.

Then a servant of the villa came and begged for Robert's grandmother's presence, and another scene unfolded the dis-

stories. Children are "brought up" in France. The burst of voice is regarded with horror. In good families children who are adored and loaded with gifts, who in their gentle way command the family, are nevertheless rather seen than heard.

busy Mr. Brun, proprietor of the Hotel du Globe, used to laugh and call her in to recite Botrel's piece about the animals who found the flask of brandy in the road. The duck:

"Ow—— Crack, smack. Of course he did not strike her hard, but it seemed barbarous. We murmured; but sweet Hélène sought no shelter, stood there unflinching, gentle, dutiful.

"LILI IS PLUMP AND LIKES HER DINNER."

mans would severely see a difference and sobbing Angèle, with her little fists dug in her eyes, certainly missed the smiling indulgence on the faces of her papa and mamma. Robert's grandma called to council, protested against the weakened word. Angèle must go to Fontana and say:

"Monsieur Fontana, I have taken your grapes and bring them back to you."

The little beauty, brokenheartedly bowed on. She was offering to give all her toys to her cousins, not to wear a new gown for a month, not to go on the automobile trip, when Robert's face peeped in the doorway. With a glance he took the scene in and his tears were wiped away by chivalry.

I have said that it rained and thundered. Through the short autumn storm trudged Robert to Fontana's. He pronounced sacramental *mea culpa* very glibly:

"Monsieur Fontana, I have stolen your grapes and bring them back to you."

"But where are they?" asked the bewildered old man.

"I forgot them. That's no consequence," said Robert hurriedly. "The thing is that we must rescue Angèle," and pouring the story into Fontana's sympathetic ear, the young knight and the old began a troubled search for ways and means to spare their little lady her humiliation.

But there was nothing to be done. The rain had ceased. Sunlight flooded the bay window of the villa, and there were papa, mamma, and the relentless, ancient grande dame saying:

"Is Angèle composed? Angèle will go to Fontana and say: 'Monsieur Fontana, I have taken your grapes and bring them back to you.'"

Among other things she is trained to make a dash for food at the table. "Food will be served you!" Regularly, yes, it is. Lili is as plump as a little grub. Also she likes her dinner. Well, one evening when guests were present by some oversight Lili was not served with the first meal course. Concern sat on her face. She suffered. She sat silent, suffered more. Then at last in a low voice, quietly, self-possessed, respectful, natural, she said: "Papa, please pass me the salt."

The father gazed astonished at her empty plate.

"Salt? Why salt?"

"To put on my meat, papa," answered Lili.

Then the old butler held his face with a towel as he hastened to heap up the child's plate. "Say 'touché'!" clamored the guests to the father. "Touché!" the acknowledgment of fencers in a bout when touched by their adversary's button.

"I say 'touché'" the father laughed delighted.

A black and white line drawing of a man and a woman. The woman, on the left, is wearing a long, flowing, light-colored dress with a dark belt at the waist and a long train. She has her hands raised to her head, which is adorned with a headband or crown. The man, on the right, is wearing a dark suit jacket, a light-colored shirt, and a dark tie. He is looking up at the woman. The drawing is signed 'P.V.' in the bottom right corner.

"Où ! vout-ter!"

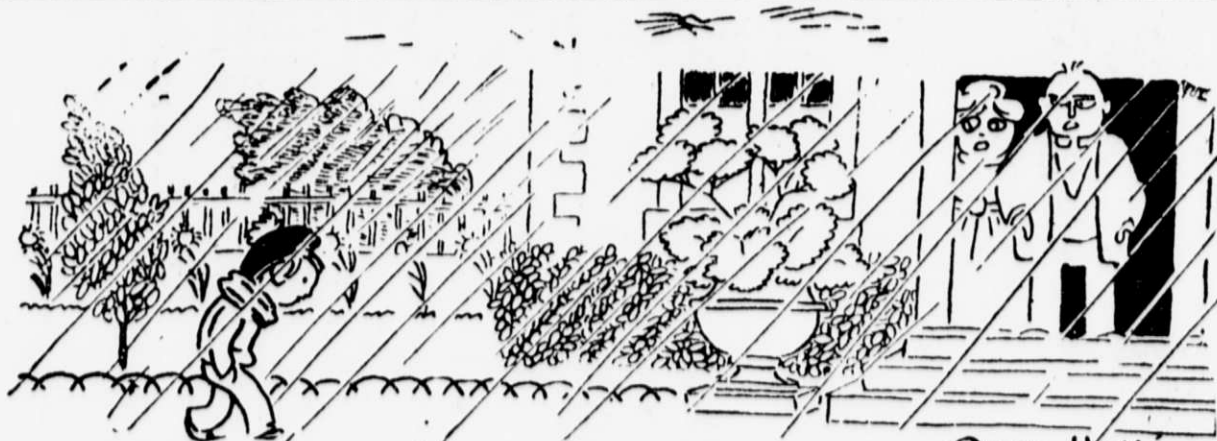
"Biff! the grandmother cracked her over the knuckles with her fan, "Stubborn!" But we paid no attention to her words, for Hélène had collapsed into a sobbing little heap. Madame the Countess, our great lady, folded her arm for her protection—a wrong thing, for no one ought to interfere in the correction of a French child, and when the grandmother observed coldly: "Hélène, come!" the dear little creature straightened up, composed her face and followed the old lady. "Hélène must be punished for losing her self-possession," remarked the grandfather, with cold and intentional distinctness; and he bluffed us all.

Now, there was another lonely child at Uriage. Hélène had us. The really lonely one was the young son of a lady no longer the most beautiful but very lady, lounging in extravagant negligees. The boy would sit and read his books.

Well, that hot afternoon when Hélène was punished, boy and mamma paid attention. In the evening cool, when their big landau rolled up for the drive down the valley toward Grenoble, the boy went to Hélène with a society youth's self-possession, saying: "Mademoiselle, I have not the honor of your acquaintance, but mamma would be extremely pleased if you would ride with us."

Now the grandfather (Colonel) on retired pay—is, you might say, mildly on

"THE YOUNG SON OF A LADY NO ONE KNEW—MOST BEAUTIFUL BUT VERY LAZY, LOUNGING IN EXTRAVAGANT NEGLIGEEES AND READING ALWAYS WHEN NOT DRINKING."



"THROUGH THE AUTUMN RAIN TRUDGED ROBERT TO FONTANA'S. GLIBLY HE PRONOUNCED HIS MEA CULPA. 'BUT WHERE ARE THE GRAPES?' INQUIRED THE OLD PARIS MILLIONAIRE."

STATUS OF MOSLEM WOMEN.
Generous Legal Rights and Freedom
Under Modern Laws.
From the London Evening Standard.
The chivalrous attitude of the modern Moslem toward women is a fact which is little understood in this country. Mohammedan women seem in fact to enjoy more if not all the privileges for which women in Great Britain are struggling at the present time.

"Indeed the position of the wife seems to be a very important moment, while the law throws over them its special protection."

"Muslims attach great importance to equality in marriage, and among the Arab the rules on this subject are very precise and strong," said the Right Hon. Ameer Ali speaking of the position of women under Islamic rule. "This may possibly account for the active part taken recently by Arabian women as combatants."

be one of much greater importance than is generally supposed, and one can only suspect that prejudice and ignorance have allowed the idea to prevail that the veiled ladies of the East are so restricted in liberty.

"The wife does not lose her individuality after marriage. She retains all rights to her own property and has full power to dispose of it as she desires. Not only is this the case but her earnings belong absolutely to herself."

It is interesting to learn too that the married woman has the legal right to the custody of her sons until they are of an age to be entrusted to the care of a tutor and of her daughters until they marry or attain their majority. This represents an arrangement which is apt to make an Englishwoman feel not a little envious of the Eastern lady, seeing that the constitution of this free country denies her the right of retaining the guardianship of her own child born in wedlock.

of an agitation for "women's rights" under the Islamic system. "Woman," said Ameer Ali, "has precisely the same rights as man, nor is she precluded by reason of her sex from exercising the prerogative of a university or from being a Judge. There is a long list of brilliant and distinguished women who have left their mark on the history of their country."

little artiste. We would not have been human had we not looked, almost grinning, at the silly old grandpapa who had called our Hélène "stubbhorn, limited." But the grandfather had been Colonel, a commander of men, bluffer to the core. So he just took no notice until Hélène finished, then said:

"Now, thy English! We are proud of Hélène's English. Her grandmother taught her."

And then out came miserably the "Trink-le, trink-le."

Did the old man correct her? Not a bit! He leaned back puffed up with complacency. "We taught her that!" he boasted.

We had an object lesson shortly after to prove what inconveniences may come when European children quit the hard and fast rules for their fathers in generations of ruled living.

One of the first things a bourgeoisie child is taught is not to foregather with strangers. Now there were more children at the Hôtel du Globe than Hélène, little Suzette and the R.— boy; but I contented all lonely, because they were mere acquaintances of their grownups. They might not run wild together unquestioned. Even their "playing Indian" was tame and decorous. So two families, the Duponts and the De Cernays, two boys and two girls from 9 to 12, did an outrageous thing—less out of thirst for righteousness than copper riveted boredom.

"Charity" is a great thing taught to French children. It consists in giving pennies to a beggar on the route to church on Sundays.

There came through Uriage a troop of those Romanchels or gypsies who are being hounded from prefecture to prefecture. They had five bears, three great apes, four dancing girls, three acrobatic boys, and did good business till they were run out of Uriage. They possessed no papers. Do you know what it is in Europe not to have your "papers"? They show who you are, where from, what done, military service, prison, good and bad together. Without "papers" you are a lost, hunted thing in France.

There dragged along behind the gypsies

Innovation of a South Carolina Hen.
From the Fountain Inn Tribune.
J. L. Nash has a Wyandotte hen that is second cousin to a bird.
A short time ago she flew into an apple tree, selected a comfortable spot in the tree and deposited an egg. She repeated the operation for eight days and then proceeded to sit. In due time five chicks hatched out, but they were unable to reach the ground and remained aloft until their plaintive cries attracted the attention of one